

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer?
Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That with'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this subtile King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vnjust behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard, that sweet louely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullingbrooke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say—

Nor. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnclasp a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night; or sink or swimme:
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirs
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heauen, me thinks it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer rouch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riall, all her Dignities:

But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.
Nor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin giue me audience for a while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.
Nor. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.

Ile keepe them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer:
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer:
But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer.
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer; and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly desie,

Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would haue pay'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongue'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scour'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke.

In Richards time: What de'ye call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Gloucestershire:

'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrooke:
When you and he came backe from Ravenspurgh.

Nor. At Barkley Castle.
Hot. You say true:

Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant Fortune came to roage,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin:
O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgie me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,
We'll stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners,
Deliuier them vp without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas sonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.

Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl'y'd,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at Briffow, the Lord Scroope.

I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onley stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:
Vpon my life, it will do wondrous well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choofe but be a Noble plot,

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To ioyne with Mortimer, Ha—

Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aynded.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed;
To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt.

And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his looks of loue.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:
He steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
Where you, and Douglas, and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meeete,

To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now well hold at much vn certainty.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrue, I trust.
Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.
1. Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be
hang'd. Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet
our horse not packt. What Ostler?

Of. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few
Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the wi-
thers, out of all celfe.

Enter another Carrier.
2. Car. Peace and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog,
and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Boates:
This house is turned vpside downe since Robin the Ostler
dyed.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats
role, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in all
London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chri-
stendome, could be better bit, then I haue bene since the
first Cocke.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Touden, and
then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye
breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd: come
away.

2. Car. I haue a Campon of Bacon, and two razes of
Ginger, to be deliuered as fast as Charing-crosse.

1. Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued.
What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in
thy head? Can't thou heare? And 'were not as good a
deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee. I am a very Vil-
laine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.
Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

1. Car. I thinke 'tbe two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-

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1. Car. Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two
of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne
(quoth a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come
to London?

2. Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I
warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugges, we'll call vp
the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they
haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.
Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Cham-
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Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Boote? Will
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